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A SUMMER DAY IN THE ISLE OF AVALON.

THE Isle of Avalon, like the Isle of Ely and many another geographical misnomer, is endeared to the lovers of the picturesque not a little by the charming inconsistency of its not being an island in sober fact at all, but a peninsula formed by the tiny river Brue, in conjunction with a still smaller rivulet which is nameless. It is truly a region of enchantment and mystery, for on this historic soil stand the crumbling walls of Glastonbury Abbey, the noblest ruin in all England. The history of Glastonbury is a curious instance of the survival of legendary lore interwoven with long-established traditions, and with the recorded facts of a most eventful and romantic chronicle.

The story of the renowned abbey reaches back to the very early days of the Christian era, when a wattled church stood upon the site, and when Joseph of Arimathea (according to the legend) visited the isle and struck his staff into the ground near Glastonbury. This saintly staff—most ancient of crosiers—took root, and grew into the Holy Thorn, which bloomed miraculously every Old Christmas-eve for many hundred years afterwards. The fact remains, in local archives, that a very ancient tree of the medlar genus was cut down in the yard of the abbey church at the time of the suppression, and slips of it were planted in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury; and the trees grown therefrom continue to put forth bloom in early winter whenever the circumstances of the season are favourable. A mild winter is almost invariable in this most interesting district, for it is to be noted that the climate of Somerset is the most equable in the kingdom, as the county is one of the fairest.

It is a beautiful story, this early legend, and it lends additional grace and charm to the singular topography of the Isle of Avalon. Pity it is that ever a doubt should arise as to fact or fiction in the matter—to dissipate the glamour of the monkish tale rather than to think it 'An old and

moving story, that suited well that ruin wild and hoary.'

The ecclesiastical tradition of the abbey is older than the history of the town, Glastonbury market-town being of Saxon origin. It was the 'Glæstingaburh,' or Glæstings' borough of the West Saxons. The Isle of Avalon itself, a central spot in an eminently fruit-producing county, may possibly be named from the British 'Avilla,' signifying apples. But whatever story of saint or sinner may linger around the sacred precincts of Glastonbury, the most striking of all is the tradition, apocryphal or not, of the burial of the great early British monarch, King Arthur: Arthur of Lyonesse, the great Pendragon of splendid fame, and of many an old-world romantic tale. It has been told that his body was borne hither after the great battle 'among the mountains by the winter sea,' and reverently laid in earth by his faithful Round-Table Knights.

In later times, it is stated, the stone coffin was exhumed by the direction of Henry II., who, according to a quaint description in an old book, caused a deep excavation to be made, laying bare a tombstone with a large plate of lead fixed upon it, which showed the following inscription: 'HIC JACET SEPULTVS INCLITVS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSVLA AVALONIA.' Nine feet below this stone was discovered a coffin made from a hollowed oak-tree containing human bones, which on being examined—so runs the story—were identified as those of the Christian king. What more fitting resting-place could have been found in all the land for the mortal remains of British Arthur!

The magnificent abbey which was subsequently built upon the hallowed ground had already, at the time of Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, attained great repute. It seems to have increased century after century in influence and power, the community of Dominican Friars becoming the wealthiest monastic institution in the kingdom, the head of the house being specially styled Lord Abbot, with a seat in parliament, second in rank only to the Abbot of Westminster. The abbot's rule in Avalon was well nigh supreme, spiritual

and temporal; and no one might enter the isle except by his special permission.

This immense acquisition of wealth and power conducted at last, as with so many others, to an ultimate downfall at the Reformation, when Abbot Richard Withering stoutly refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy or to surrender the abbey and some £3311, 7s. 4d. per annum.

This courageous abbot, so worthy of a better fate, was tried for his high offence before King Henry's commissioners at Wells, and condemned with two of his monks to be hanged—a ruthless sentence. At this sad and significant audit it was shown that these unhappy churchmen had concealed a vast amount of abbey treasure; and when that terrible day of reckoning came, had utterly declined to account for it. This triple execution took place on the summit of an adjacent hill—the Torr—in the presence of a concourse of sorrowing people, sadly bewildered, no doubt, at the turn of events. Upon this hill stand the ruins of an ancient church, and sculptured on the front of its lofty tower is a singular representation of the Archangel Michael weighing in a pair of scales a copy of the Holy Scriptures against the Evil One, and showing Satan to be greatly wanting when thus tried in the balance. From this historic Torr is to be viewed one of the finest landscapes in England.

At the period of the Reformation the beautiful abbey, in addition to the disruption of all else, was unroofed and otherwise dismantled, remaining in picturesque decay a memorial of misdirected or over-carried zeal. The grand proportions and beauty of the Gothic stonework are still in evidence in the ruins; but the greater part has gone for vulgar building purposes, much of it actually being used to form a roadway some two miles across a morass to Wells—a sacred way, truly.

To Wells Cathedral went the old abbey clock, which was one of the wonders of Glastonbury and of Europe. In a transept of the cathedral it is still to be seen in good working order. This very curious piece of antiquity is placed some thirty feet high in the interior of one of the lofty side-aisles; and close at hand in an alcove sits a painted effigy of a manikin with its feet dangling over a silvery-tongued bell upon which the manikin's heels ring out the chimes. As the moment for striking the hour approaches, a premonitory clicking is audible from within the clock, and presently a remarkable spectacle is beheld. From behind the old dial emerges a procession of armed knightly figures on horseback, moving two and two in stately military fashion upon a semi-circular platform; and as the foremost pair arrive at a certain point in their march, the outside knight raises his lance, and with trenchant blow strikes his comrade down to the saddle-bow. Instantly, within the clock a bell is struck and one is sounded. Thereupon, the stricken horseman quickly rears his crest aloft, and the procession passes behind the dial. This process is repeated until the required number of strokes has been given and the time of day is told.

The impression left on the mind of the spectator witnessing this performance, perhaps unexpectedly, is one of astonishment, and of admiration of the ingenious mechanical contrivance, the work pro-

bably of some devoted artist of the fifteenth century. Certainly a wonderful clock; telling its tale of fleeting time in the dreamy calm of the cathedral aisle, amidst the woful monitions of brief mortal life laid all around in graven brass or sculptured marble.

The silent streets of Glastonbury, with two or three fine old inns—one of them an ancient *hospitium*—a mediæval cross, and here and there a dim relic of domestic masonry, suggestive of the architecture of the abbey hard by, are of old-world interest. It is a picture of still-life there, seeming more still than the hush of minster cities, because more melancholy; and not even the near approach of the railway can effect much change or rouse the old place quite to the ordinary standard of life, even where most secluded, of the nineteenth century. The noble ruins everywhere visible in the little town forbid the thought. Clad in a robe of kindly ivy, they appeal to the imagination like an endless sermon—in stone. Ivy-clad, but not concealed! Beauteous still!

Some little distance from the abbey is the Abbot's Kitchen, a stone-built edifice, remaining much as when the bustling cooks had left it, and reform had quenched their fires. An enormous smoke-stained cone it is, and a striking object enough in the village landscape. One thinks, in walking round its ample space, of the merry times that have been there—of the hospitality to rich and poor of which it is the token. Time was not out of joint then; and the world's work had scarcely begun. It is saddening, withal, to view this grotesque temple of the culinary art rearing its solitary sombre dignity in that fair Somersetshire meadow, with the gentle kine and wistful-faced sheep browsing or nibbling on a joyous summer morning around its frowning walls, and to think of all that has departed with the last wreath of smoke from its vanished fires!

The time-worn truism that good and evil are very much mixed in the world is surely abundantly exemplified by those old monkish relics of feasting and almsgiving. For the latter, modern society has substituted the workhouse; and that consummation, if nothing else, induces the regret that when necessary reform should, in the natural growth of events, become due, whatever of good may be coexisting with the abolished evil should be swept away also, and for ever.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—QUESTIONS OF INHERITANCE.

ABOUT the same time, Reginald Mansel, Esquire, of Petherton Episcopi, happening to be up in town on private business, had occasion to call on his father's old friend, that distinguished sailor, Admiral John Antony Rolt, of the Senior United Service.

'So the heiress lives down your way?' Admiral Rolt observed, puckering up his small eyes at the end of some desultory conversation—and always eager, after his kind, to improve every possible source of information. 'Miss Psyche Dumaresq, I mean: precious odd name, Psyche: rather pride myself, as an old salt, on knowing

how to pronounce it. There was a *Psyche* in the Navy List once, I remember, a wooden gun-boat—on the Pacific station, when I commanded the *Skylark*; though she went to pieces at last in the China seas—poor M'Nab sank down to Davy Jones's locker in her—and was never put together again. Smart craft, very: and this Miss *Psyche*'s a tidy young lady, too, I'm told: taut, neat, and clipper-rigged. Well, she comes into all Charlie Linnell's money.'

'Impossible!' Mansel answered with promptitude. 'I've never heard a word of it. She's a great friend of my wife's, and a very nice girl in her way, no doubt; and Linnell fell in love with her: but she wouldn't accept him. He's left her nothing. If he had, I'm sure we'd have been the first to hear of it.'

'Well, it's a very odd case,' the Admiral continued, pursing up his little pig's eyes even smaller than before—'a very odd case as ever I heard of. She isn't to know of it for another year, but I'm sure I'm right. I've been talking it over to-day with Linnell's half-brother Frank—the parson in Northumberland: and Frank doesn't quite see his way out of it. Precious awkward for the parson, there's no denying it.'

Reginald Mansel started. 'Why, I thought the half-brother was dead,' he exclaimed in surprise. 'Killed in a railway accident. My wife certainly told me so.'

'Ah; that's just where it is,' the Admiral answered, rubbing his fat hands with profound gusto. 'As fine a muddle as ever you saw in your life. A perfect godsend for the Court of Chancery. Killed sure enough: so he was—in the newspapers: smashed to atoms in the Doncaster collision, they reported at first. You remember the accident—pig-iron and so forth. But you see, when they pick out a lot of bodies, pell-mell, from a jolly good smash, and stack 'em along in the hospital, they're not so very particular, just at the first beginning, whether any one fellow among 'em happens to be still breathing, or whether he doesn't. So they telegraphed up to London post haste, in the list of killed, "Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Thingumbob-cum-Whatyoumaycallit, Northumberland." Correspondents are in such a precious hurry nowadays to supply the very latest news to their particular print, that you can't expect them to hang dawdling about in a ward, on the watch till the breath's well out of a man's body.' And the Admiral chuckled low to himself, musically.

'Then you mean to say the fellow isn't dead after all?' Mansel exclaimed, astonished. 'It was a mistaken rumour!'

'Dead! my dear sir; why, I tell you, he was lunching with me at the Pothouse—you know the Pothouse?—my other club—not its official name—only this very morning. And a prettier muddle than those papers made of it you never heard. It was three whole days before they plucked up courage to announce their little error, and state that the Reverend Frank was not quite gone, only seriously wounded. Meanwhile, Sir Austen and the painter man went off in a hurry to Khartoum without seeing

the correction; and to the day of their death, never heard at all that the parson had turned up well and alive again. It was really most unfortunate. Frank Linnell believes those papers have done him out of all the Linnell money—Sir Austen's and the other man's. Only, you see, he doesn't quite know how he can go to work to get it all back again. It's a ticklish job, I admit; but I wouldn't give much, all the same—with a parson against her—for Miss *Psyche* Dumaresq's chances of the property.'

'Surely, though, if Linnell left his money by will to Miss Dumaresq, she'd get it, in any case,' Mansel objected incredulously.

The Admiral stared hard at him, and smiled a knowing smile. 'You don't understand the glorious uncertainty of the law,' he answered, enchanted. Then, with all the intense enjoyment of the male old woman, he proceeded to detail to his country acquaintance the whole long story of the Linnell family, and their various complications—*Bellerophon*, *Cockatrice*, Sally Withers, the Dean's daughter, and the rest of it—exactly as it all envisaged itself in full to his own lively and by no means too scrupulous imagination. Mansel listened with profound attention; but when the Admiral had finished, he ventured to put in cautiously: 'Still, I don't quite understand how all this can interfere with *Psyche*'s inheritance of Charles Linnell's money—if, as you say, he's really left it to her.'

'Why, here's the point, don't you see?' the Admiral answered cheerily, button-holing his listener and enforcing his argument with one fat uplifted forefinger. 'Charles Linnell, as I understand, came up to town from your place, Petherton, on the very day after his half-brother Frank was declared dead in the morning papers. So far, so good. But that same night, as I learn from one of the witnesses to the deed, he made his will, and Sir Austen signed it—said will leaving everything he died possessed of to the young lady, unknown, of the name of *Psyche*. Now, Frank Linnell's contention is that Sir Austen and Charles arrived at an understanding, *under* the impression, and the Admiral brought down his fat forefinger on his knee to enforce his point: '*under* the impression that he, Frank, was dead and done for; which of course in actual fact he wasn't. Therefore, he argues, the will is accordingly null and void, and he himself ought to come into the money.'

'But how can he,' Mansel inquired, smiling, 'if he's really illegitimate? By law, as I'm rightly informed, he and Charles Linnell are not considered to be even related.'

The Admiral shrugged his shoulders and pursed his mouth firmly. 'Well, I haven't quite mastered all the ins and the outs of it,' he answered with candour. 'It's a trifle confused for an old salt like me; but I believe the learned counsel who understand the law get at it something like this, d'y'e see. It all depends upon which of the two, Sir Austen or Charles Linnell, was killed first at Khartoum. If Charles was killed first, then the Reverend Frank asserts—you understand—this will being null and void, owing to unsound mind, errors of fact, want of proper disposing intent, and other causes—that Sir Austen, as next-of-kin and sole heir-at-law, inherited the pill-money. For that, he relies upon

Charles Linnell's legitimacy. But on the other hand, Charles Linnell being now well out of the way, and unable to prove or disprove anything, the Reverend Frank also goes in, as an alternative, for claiming that he's actually legitimate himself, and denying proof of Miss Sally Violet's marriage. On that point, there's nobody now who can bring up good evidence. So he stands to win either way. If he's legitimate himself, he's a Baronet anyhow, and he comes in to the reversion of Thorpe Manor. If he's not legitimate, he's no Baronet, to be sure, and the entail fails; but the fun of it is, he gets Sir Austen's personal estate for all that, through his mother, the Dean's daughter, who was Sir Austen's second cousin, twice removed, or something of the sort, and whose case is covered by Sir Austen's settlements. The old father did that—the Peninsular man, you know—after the bigamy came out. He insisted upon putting in Frank Linnell by name in the settlements, as heir to the personality, irrespective of the question of his birth altogether. And in the personality the Reverend Frank now asserts he reckons in Charles Linnell's pill-money.

Mansel drew his hand across his brow confusedly. 'It is a trifle mixed,' he answered with a puzzled air. 'But it's decidedly clever. I should think it ought to prove a perfect mine of wealth to the Inner Temple.'

'Mine of wealth!' the Admiral echoed with a snort of delight. 'I believe you, my boy. Golconda or Kimberley isn't in it by comparison. The whole estate won't cover the law charges. For you see, there's the lovely question to decide beforehand, *did* Sir Austen or his cousin die first?—and till that's settled, nothing fixed can be done about the property. Well, Frank Linnell doesn't mean to let the question drop. He has a twelvemonth to spare, during which time he's going to work like a nigger to prevent the lady with the classical name from coming into the property.—Of course you won't mention a word of this to her? I tell it you in confidence.—That's all right. Thank you.—So Frank thinks of going to Egypt and up the Nile this very next winter, as ever is, to see if he can collect any evidence anywhere as to which was killed first—his half-brother Charles, or his cousin Sir Austen. And between you and me, sir—if only you knew these Egyptian fellows as well as I do—the Reverend Frank must be a much more simple-minded person than I take him to be if he doesn't get at least half-a-dozen green-turbaned, one-eyed sheikhs to swear by the beard of the Prophet, till all's blue, that they saw Charles Linnell with their own eyes lying dead at Khartoum, in any position that seems most convenient, while Sir Austen sat in a respectful attitude, shedding a decorous tear or two above his mangled body. An Egyptian, sir,' the Admiral continued, blinking his small eyes even more vigorously than was his wont—'an Egyptian would swear away his own father's life, bless your soul, for a tin piastre.'

'Then you think whatever evidence is wanted will be duly forthcoming?' Mansel asked, dubiously.

'Think? I don't think. I know it, unless the Reverend Frank's a born fool. But even after he's got it, don't you see, there's a lot

more still left to prove. Yet even so, he stands to play a winning card either way. If he's legitimate, he's a Baronet of Thorpe Manor; and if he isn't, he's heir all the same to Sir Austen's personality.' And the Admiral chuckled.

Mansel looked at him with a curious air of suspended judgment. 'After all,' he said slowly, in his critical way, 'you're taking a great deal for granted, aren't you? How on earth do we know, when one comes to think of it, that either of the Linnells is really dead at all? How on earth do we know they aren't still cooped up in Khartoum, as O'Donovan was in Merv, you recollect, and that they mayn't turn up unexpectedly some day to defeat all these hasty surmises and guesses? You can't prove a man's will till you've first proved he's dead; and who's to say that either of the Linnells is dead, when one comes to face it?'

The Admiral threw back his head and laughed internally. 'Dead!' he answered, much amused. 'Of course they're dead. As dead as mutton! As dead as a door-nail! As dead as Julius Cæsar! Do you think the Mahdi's people, when once they got in, would leave a Christian soul alive in Khartoum? My dear fellow, you don't know these Egyptians and Soudanese as well as I do—I was out for a year on the Red Sea station. They'd cut every blessed throat in the whole garrison. There's not a Christian soul alive to-day in Khartoum.'

CHAPTER XXIX.—FRESH ACQUAINTANCES.

It was with a feeling very nearly akin to relief that Psyche found herself, some six weeks later, in a pretty little bedroom in a Moorish villa on the sun-snitten hills of Mustapha Supérieur.

'Why, I know the very place for you,' Geraldine Maitland exclaimed with delight, when Psyche informed her on her return to Petherton that medical authority, two deep, had prescribed Algiers for their joint indispositions. 'A dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope. It's as clean as a pin, and just like a home; and it's kept by an English officer's widow, a Mrs Holliday. It's not so very dear, either,' she hastened to add, seeing Psyche's face growing faintly incredulous. 'They'd take in friends of ours at special rates. Mamma has sent them such lots of boarders.'

And indeed the rates, as quoted to Haviland Dumaresq some days later, in Mrs Holliday's letter, were very special—very special indeed; for a reason which Geraldine Maitland knew best, and which she took care to keep to herself very strictly. 'I should feel *greatly* obliged, however,' Mrs Holliday wrote, underlining the *greatly* with two feminine bars, 'if you would have the kindness to refrain from mentioning these terms I quote to any other of the visitors at the villa, as they are considerably below our usual charges, to meet the wishes of my friend Mrs Maitland.'

Oh the journey south! The rest and change of it! The delight of getting away from the Wren's Nest, with its endless obtrusive memories of Linnell! The calm of travel; the momentary oblivion! Paris, Dijon, the Rhone, Marseilles! For twenty-four hours, Psyche almost forgot herself.

The dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope,

too, how thoroughly it deserved Geraldine Maitland's judicious commendation! It was very pretty and very home-like. After thirty hours' tossing on the faithless Mediterranean—bluest but most treacherous of all known seas—and that long drive up the dusty road through the vivid town from the quays at Algiers, Psyche was right glad to rest herself at last in that dainty little bedroom, at the Villa des Orangers, and to look out of the arched Moorish window at the palms and aloes that diversified the garden.

True enough, as Dr Godichau had confidently predicted, her eyesight came back to her for the nonce at a bound. Wisdom was justified of all her children. Psyche had seen everything all the way up through those crowded streets: she saw everything still with perfect distinctness in the arcades and gardens of that quaint old *pension*.

It was an antique Moorish country-house, all whitewashed walls and horse-shoe arches, planted on the side of a tiny ravine, near the very summit of an Algerian hill, some six hundred feet above a deep blue bay of that treacherous and all too beautiful Mediterranean. Through the jealously barred and grated windows of a deep-set chamber in what was once the harem of the old Turkish proprietor, Psyche's eye just caught faint glimpses westward of a feathery date-palm, a jungle of loquat trees, and a ruddy hillside of basking sandstone, red as the familiar South Hams of Devonshire. Beyond, the ravine displayed in further perspective a tangled cane-brake, a steep road down whose tortuous slope an old Arab countryman was defiling slowly cross-legged on his pannier-laden donkey, and a picturesque wine factory, whose snow-white archways and low stories were all gracefully pinked out along their constructive lines with decorative string-courses of Oriental tile-work. A peep of the dim blue Atlas to eastward across a misty plain completed the view from the windows of that quaintly pretty room—a view which hardly needed the domed and arched mansion on the hill-top behind, or the veiled forms of the Moorish women gliding noiselessly down the pathway opposite, to assure Psyche that this was indeed in very truth that wonderful Africa.

Without and within, to say the truth, to Dumaresq and his daughter the Oriental character of house and surroundings was everywhere most delightfully and undeniably apparent. The tiny round-topped slits pierced through the thickness of the massive wall; the floor covered with Damascus tiles and overlaid in part with pretty Eastern rugs; the pale-green dado and light-blue frieze of distemper on the sides, separated from one another by a verse of the Koran in breezy Arabic letters running round the room between them as a continuous border; the graceful hangings and delicately-coloured drapery—all charmed Psyche, weary and heart-sick though she was, with a delicious vague sense of Orientalism and novelty. As she lay on the crimson and blue divan by the open window, rich perfumed whiffs of the Japanese medlars in full flower floated in upon the cool yet summer-like breeze; and the hillside opposite hummed with insects busy among the blossoms of the great African clematis that fell in cataracts over the rocks and branches. For a moment she almost forgot her sorrow; the oculist was right; what she needed was a life of pure perception.

To Dumaresq, the charm of these novel surroundings was even greater and more striking than to his heart-broken Psyche. He admired throughout the house the infinite diversity and picturesqueness of the arches; here a semicircular doorway with richly-carved decorations in Arabesque patterns; there a pointed Moorish arcade of Saracenic type; and yonder, again, a flat-topped horse-shoe arch of peculiarly curved and bulging gracefulness, never to be seen anywhere else save here in Algeria. The long rambling passages, cool and gloomy for the hot African summer; the endless doors and nooks and niches; the grated windows and flat roof; the Oriental terrace; the up-and-down steps and uneven levels of the quaint little garden—formed a very ideal scene for an Arabian night's adventure of the fine old pattern. The gray old philosopher, startled into a momentary fit of imagination, almost expected to see Bluebeard's wife emerge unexpectedly from some darkling doorway, or the One-eyed Calender look in upon him unawares through the deep-set window-holes that gave upon the garden.

Yet it was pleasant to find, in spite of the persistent odour of Islam which pervaded the house, that the villa had been modernised and Anglicised after all in a way to suit the most luxurious English taste. It was four o'clock when they arrived at their temporary home, and at five a smiling little Swiss maid brought in a tea-tray with a steaming pot that reminded Psyche of dear old-fashioned Petherton. Tea and the Arabesque are too much all at once. So much modern comfort seems half out of place, side by side with such delicious antique Orientalism.

Psyche would have liked them to spend that evening by themselves in their own rooms; but her father overruled her wishes in that respect. It was best for her, he said, to go out to dinner: to mix at once with the world of Algiers: to conquer these morbid desires for seclusion: to throw herself as far as possible into the new situation. And Psyche, now clay in the potter's hands, yielded unwillingly to his wishes.

At the table-d'hôte they were shown to seats near the bottom of the table by a Swiss waiter with his hair cut short and a general expression of bland good-nature pervading all his stumpy features. The seats opposite them were already occupied by two tall and very stately girls, accompanied by a young man of an open and naïf but somewhat unfinished type of countenance.

The girls quite frightened Psyche at the very first glance; they looked so queenly and magnificent and awful. Geraldine Maitland herself was hardly half so grand. Their ears were thin and delicately pink; their complexions shone with a transparent lustre; their necks were high and exquisitely moulded; their hands might have come out of a portrait of Sir Peter Lely's. Altogether, Psyche made up her mind at once that the strangers were, at the very least, duchesses: ladies of the *ancien régime* to a certainty, so calm and clear-cut and dainty were their lineaments. They weren't English; she could see that at a glance: there was something very foreign in the cut of their figures and of their rich dresses. Psyche was sure she would never be able to say

a word to them: so much high-born stateliness fairly took her breath away.

Presently, a few more visitors came in, and seating themselves, began to talk across the table with perfect sang-froid to the magnificent strangers. Psyche envied them their boldness of address. How could they dare to approach such aristocrats? 'Well, did you have your photographs taken after all, Miss Vanrenen?' a lady opposite asked with a smile of recognition.

'No, ma'am,' the tallest and stateliest of the beautiful girls answered promptly, with a polite nod. 'We went into the city and had a lovely time, but we couldn't agree upon the currency question. We asked the photographer his lowest cash quotation for doing us in a group under the doorway here in Arab costume, and he gave us an estimate for as much as comes to fourteen dollars. Corona and I don't mind expense, but we're dead against extortion; and we consider fourteen dollars for taking your likeness in an Arab dress downright extortionate. So we concluded to do without the pictures for the present and to save our specie for a better occasion.'

'I reckon,' the second queenly creature remarked with a graceful bow, 'we can be taken just as well on Vesuvius when we go along to Naples.'

'That's so,' the first divine efflorescence answered acquiescent. 'We don't stand out for the Arab dress in itself, you see, ma'am: we only want to be taken somewhere, with something distinctively European or African loafing around in the background—a mosque, or a cathedral, or a burning mountain—so as we can take the picture home and let folks see we're not a fraud; we've really travelled up and down the world a bit.'

'Still,' the brother said, looking round at his sisters with a half-regretful air, 'I must say I wanted Sirena to go the fourteen dollars blind for all that.—You see, Mrs Prendergast, we might have been taken all in a group under the Moorish archway there; and Miss Maitland would have joined us to complete the picture in that elegant airy Arab get-up of hers.'

'You know Miss Maitland then?' Psyche ventured to put in timidly, with the natural diffidence of the latest comer.

'Cyrus don't know anybody else, almost,' the taller girl replied with a smile. 'He was over here alone from Amurrica last fall, and spent the winter by himself in this city; and every letter he wrote us home was a sort of a bulletin about Geraldine Maitland. It was Geraldine Maitland went here; Geraldine Maitland went there; Geraldine Maitland says this; Geraldine Maitland thinks that; till we began to conclude at last for ourselves there weren't any other young ladies at all in Europe except Geraldine Maitland. So Corona and I—that's my sister—we said to ourselves we'd come along this year and inspect for ourselves what sort of a person this girl Geraldine was, before Cyrus brought her home anyway for a permanency.'

'Now, Sirena!' the young man interposed, looking very sheepish: 'I'm a modest man. Don't reveal my blushes.'

Psyche was fairly taken aback at this boldness of speech. She had met very few Americans before, and was little accustomed to so much

freedom in the public discussion of unfinished matrimonial projects; but her awe at the queenly young women outlived even the discovery of their Western accent, and she only said in a very timid tone: 'We know Miss Maitland, too. She's a very great friend of mine.'

'Then I guess Cyrus and you'll get on together,' Sirena said briskly, 'for whoever likes Geraldine Maitland confers a private obligation, I conjecture, upon Cyrus.'

'We're going to have a very great honour here,' the young man Cyrus interposed sharply, with an evident desire to change the conversation. 'Have you heard, sir, that the great philosopher, Haviland Dumaresq, intends to winter in this city?'

At the words, Psyche coloured up to the roots of her hair; but her father, bowing his stateliest and most distant bow, made answer severely, without moving a muscle of that stoical face: 'Sir, my name is Haviland Dumaresq.'

He had scarcely spoken the word, when Cyrus Vanrenen rose from his seat and walked round the table with immense enthusiasm but great deliberation. 'Mr Dumaresq,' he said, seizing the old man's hand in his and wringing it hard, 'allow me the pleasure. Well, now, this is a very great honour, sir. I haven't read your books, Mr Dumaresq—at least to any extent, being otherwise engaged myself in business—but I know your name well; and in my country, sir, your works are much admired and highly respected. In the city where I reside—you don't happen to know Cincinnati? No; I thought as much—we set very great store by your valuable writings. The *Cincinnati Observer*, I recollect on one occasion, described you in one of its editorial columns as "the greatest metaphysician of this or any other age." That was high praise, Mr Dumaresq, from the editorial columns of such an influential print as the *Cincinnati Observer*.'

'I'm glad to learn that I have deserved the commendation of so critical an authority upon philosophical questions,' Haviland Dumaresq answered with grave irony.

But his delicate sarcasm was thrown away upon the honest and innocent young American. That any one could feel otherwise than pleased and flattered at the polite attentions of the *Cincinnati Observer* was an idea that could never for a moment have entered his good straightforward business head. 'Yes; it's a right smart paper,' he went on with friendly communicativeness. 'Largest circulation of any journal in the State of Ohio; and down the Mississippi Valley we go it blind on culture nowadays, I can tell you. Culture's on the boom in the West at present. No journal that didn't go it blind on culture and philosophy would stand a chance of success in the struggle for life in the Mississippi Valley. Survival of the fittest's our rule out there. We're down upon frauds, but we respect live concerns. If ever you were to light out for Cincinnati, Mr Dumaresq, you'd find our citizens very appreciative: they'd be honoured to give you a warm welcome.'

'I am much obliged to them for their vivid personal interest in philosophy,' Haviland Dumaresq answered, going on with his soup, and smiling inwardly.

'And is this your daughter, sir?' Cyrus asked

once more, as he regained his place and glanced across at Psyche.

Psyche bowed, and faltered 'Yes' with very mixed feelings at being thus trotted out before a whole tableful of utter strangers.

'It must be a very great privilege, Miss Dumaresq,' Sirena remarked, in a clear unembarrassed American voice, right across the table, 'to pass your life and receive your education in the midst of such cultured European surroundings. Where did you make your recitations? I suppose, now, you've graduated?'

'I've *what*?' Psyche repeated, very much at sea.

'I suppose you've graduated?' Sirena said once more with perfect self-possession. 'Completed the curriculum at some European academy?'

'Oh no,' Psyche answered, catching at her drift, and blushing crimson by this time, for the eyes of all the table were upon her. 'I—I'm not at all learned. I've been brought up at home. I never went away to school even anywhere.'

'Your Papa's been education enough by himself, I guess,' Corona put in with a friendly nod over the table towards Dumaresq: from which gesture Psyche concluded that the grand young lady meant to allude obliquely to her father.

'I expect you're a philosopher yourself by this time,' Sirena went on, glancing over at her curiously. 'Corona and I graduated at Vassar, and the philosophy class there read the first volume of the Encyclopædic Philosophy for their second year's recitation.—It's stiff, Mr Dumaresq, but our girls like it. Most of our students accept your fundamentals. They adopt your view of the cosmical substratum.'

Dumaresq twirled his gray moustache nervously. Criticism of this type was a decided novelty to him. 'It will be a pleasure to me to think,' he murmured, half aloud, 'as I approach my end, that my labours are approved of by the young ladies of the philosophy class at Vassar College. Few previous philosophers have been cheered by such success. Descartes and Leibnitz went to their graves unrefreshed by the applause of the young ladies of Vassar.'

'But in Amurrica nowadays we manage things better,' Sirena answered, dashing on, all unconscious still of his undercurrent of banter. 'Our women read and think some, Mr Dumaresq, I assure you. Your philosophy's very much studied in Cincinnati. We run a Dumaresquian Society of our own, lately inaugurated in our city; and when the members learn you're over here in Algiers with us, I expect the ladies and gentlemen of the club'll send along the pages out of their birthday books to get you to write your autograph on them. There's a heap of intelligent appreciation of literature in Amurrica: most all of us'd be proud to have your autograph.'

'That's what I admire at so much in Europe,' Cyrus interposed with a pensive air. 'It brings you into contact with literature and art in a way you don't get it across our side. Why, lots of our ladies'd give their eyes almost to be brought up in the way Miss Dumaresq's been. In the thick of the literary society of Europe!'

Psyche smiled and answered nothing. Fortunately, at that moment another member of the party intervened, and spared poor Psyche's blushes any further.

As they sat for a while in their own little room before retiring for their first night in Africa, Haviland Dumaresq remarked to his daughter with a slight shudder: 'Did you ever meet anybody so terrible, Psyche, as that awful American man and his unspeakable sisters? Such a quality as reserve seems utterly unknown to them.'

'But do you know, Papa,' Psyche answered half smiling, 'they're really such kind good girls after all. They almost made me sink under the table with shame at dinner, of course; but I've been talking with them all the evening in the salon since, and I find in spite of their terrible ways they're so sweet and frank and natural for all that. One of them—the one they call Sirena—told me I was a "real nice girl;" and when she said it, I could almost have kissed her, she seemed so kind and sympathetic and friendly.'

'Oh, the women are well enough,' her father answered, with masculine tolerance: most men will tolerate a pretty girl, no matter how vulgar. 'But the brother! what a specimen of Cincinnati culture! It almost made me ashamed to think so many of my books had been sold in America when I reflected that that was the kind of man who must mostly buy them. And then the fulsome of the fellow's flattery! Why couldn't he leave poor philosophy alone? What had philosophy ever done to hurt him? I remember Mill's saying to me once: "A thinker should never go into general society unless he knows he can go as a leader and a prophet." That young man would go far to make one say the exact contrary; a thinker should never go at all, unless he knows he can pass in the crowd and remain unnoticed.'

(To be continued.)

NORRLAND AND ITS TIMBER TRADE.

NORRLAND is the northernmost and largest of the three great divisions of Sweden, and comprises with Lapland, which really belongs to it, more than one-half of the whole area of the country. It extends from the southern to the northern end of the western shore of the Gulf of Bothnia; and the northern part of it, which is within the Arctic Circle, is during the greater part of the year a cold and cheerless region. This territory contains a large proportion of the forest-land, and, if we include the adjoining *län* of Kopparberg and the district of Dannemora, nearly all the mineral wealth of the country. And the vast resources of the province find an outlet through the many seaports on the coast to all parts of the world. The population varies greatly, and ranges from the small percentage of about thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile in the south to a merely nominal one in the north, where the meagre fixed population is supplemented by tribes of wandering Lapps.

The timber industry assumes every year a more prominent place in the export list of Swedish trade. Gelle, Söderhamn, Hudiksvall, Sundsvall, Luleå, and other smaller towns on the western side of the Gulf of Bothnia, now annually export many thousand standards of wood to Great Britain, Germany, France, and other countries, including even distant Australia. The

greater part of this wood consists of 'deals' and 'battens'—simply dressed or finished planks of various lengths and sizes. But large quantities of doors, window-frames, and similar manufactured articles are also shipped to this and to other countries. The volume of trade in these goods increases largely every year; and last year the quantity shipped from Stockholm was five times that of 1888. The trade in wood-pulp has also made great strides of late years; indeed, so many factories have been erected for its manufacture that the consequent over-production has sent the price of the article down to a point which is scarcely remunerative to the producer. Gefle, a pretty little town near the southern end of the Gulf, alone exported some one hundred and fifteen thousand standards of wood last year, this quantity showing an appreciable increase over that shipped in the preceding year.

The wood is cut during the winter, and the logs are floated down the rivers in the spring, when the volume of water running seawards is augmented by the melting of the ice and snow. It is collected at the coast-towns, where it is sawn into planks of various lengths. It is then stacked and left to dry, and is exported during the summer and autumn. In Gefle and other timber ports the vessels usually anchor some distance from the town, and the wood is taken out to them in large covered lighters. It is wonderful how little space is wasted in stowing the wood on board. A vessel bound from some timber port with a deck-load of deals frequently ten feet high, which perhaps, owing to her empty bunkers, gives her a heavy list, is a common enough sight in our waters; and the practice of taking these large deck-loads is unfortunately an increasing evil. Each captain piles timber upon his ship in the hope of carrying a larger cargo than his predecessor. In many cases even the safety of the ship is jeopardised and the lives of the crew risked for the sake of a few pounds' extra freight. The owners are mainly responsible for this state of affairs, with which the legislature will sooner or later have to deal. Whether the recent Merchant Shipping Act will do much in this direction remains to be seen.

The forests of Sweden cover nearly half of the whole surface of the country. These forests, which are chiefly of pine and fir, are found in nearly all parts of the kingdom; but many of the finest tracts, extending in some cases continuously for eighty miles, occur in the southern districts of Norrland, the greater part of the forest-lands being situated below sixty-four degrees of latitude. The Government owns some thirteen thousand square miles of forest-land, and sets an excellent example to other owners in the management of this property. On many estates quantities of young trees are planted every year to fill up the ever-widening gaps among the mature trees. But sad inroads upon the forests have been made in the iron and copper districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora, where the trees have been remorselessly cut down to provide charcoal for the smelting furnaces; and in these localities no effort has been made to continue the supply by replanting.

Sweden, besides its progress commercially, is every year becoming a more frequented 'hunting-

ground' for tourists who are tired of the orthodox routes of European travel; and there are few countries which more fully repay a visit. It is a land of vast lakes and countless islands, and, in the summer, a realm of almost perpetual day. The coast scenery is unsurpassed, whether we sight the sandy shores and numerous church spires of the south, or the wilder and more formidable coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. Here the coast-line is bold and striking; and the many islands which stud this rock-bound shore serve both to relieve its bleak appearance and to form natural breakwaters for the pretty little towns and villages which nestle calmly behind. The brush of a Turner or of a Constable could scarcely do full justice to the simple beauty of many of these little towns, with their picturesque white wooden houses peering timidly out of the dark foliage of the universal pine. The commercial value of this tree is responsible for the only disfigurement which occurs in the otherwise beautiful coast, for it has caused the erection upon every suitable spot of sawmills, the tall chimneys and large stacks of timber attached to which frequently mar an enchanting piece of scenery. But the picturesque, here as elsewhere, has to bow low before the necessities of commerce.

The majority of Swedish towns are still built of wood; but some few there are which, owing to the destruction of the old houses by fire, have been rebuilt in a more substantial manner. In the breadth of the streets of these new towns and in some other matters the Swedish architects have set an example which might with advantage be followed by more southern peoples. One cannot but regret the destruction of the old wooden houses with their strange gables and quaint little windows; but what the antiquary has lost the people have no doubt gained in improved sanitation and such-like things.

Gefle, the largest town in Norrland, and the third commercial port in Sweden, which was burnt in 1869, has been almost entirely rebuilt, and is now, for a modern town, as pretty a little place as one could wish to see. The partly land-locked bay, whose shores are covered with pine-trees and a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns and moss, forms a natural harbour for the many vessels visiting the place. This bay, and, in fact, the whole of the gulf from here northwards, is usually frozen over in December, and is not open for navigation until May. The mails and merchandise are taken across to the opposite shores of Finland in sleighs, and skating is resorted to as a necessity, as well as a pastime.

Within an easy ride from Gefle, although not strictly in Norrland, is the purely mining town of Falun, in the district of 'Stora' Kopparberg (great copper mountain). It contains copper mines which the natives say are the oldest in Northern Europe, having been worked for upwards of six hundred years. The entrance to the mine is an immense abyss some twelve hundred feet across. The surrounding district is arid and the vegetation scanty, owing to the destructive nature of the fumes from the smelting furnaces. One of the local sights is the grave of a young man, who was lost in these mines so far back as 1670, and whose body was not found until 1719. Romantic tradition says that it was identified by an old woman, who had been the unfortunate

man's sweetheart, and that on being exposed to the air the body became to some extent petrified. It was afterwards placed in a glass case, but gradually crumbled to pieces, and was finally buried in 1740.

The old-fashioned and picturesque Swedish costumes are still to be met with, particularly in the districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora. The former is probably the wildest and, in many respects, the most interesting part of Sweden, with its bold scenery and the old-world customs and pursuits of its inhabitants, who claim to belong to a race distinct from the more southern Swede. The Lapps, who are fairly numerous in the north, are also an interesting people. Their nomadic habits would cause distraction to the census-taker, whilst their primitive costumes of reindeer skin accentuate their claim to being the most uncivilised race in Europe. Not only is the Lapp's dress primitive, but his ideas about washing and many other civilised customs are also extremely hazy, and one who in a weak moment partook of his cookery would afterwards have ample cause for reflection. The Swedish Lapp is scarcely so civilised as his brother who lives on the Norwegian side, probably from more frequent intercourse with the Russian Lapp, who is the most uncouth specimen of the race extant.

The rural Swede is a contented creature, who pursues his way quietly, undisturbed by Labour Unions and other products of civilisation. In the seaports, on the other hand, the stevedores and labourers are now organised; and at most ports it is impossible to get a ship loaded except through the agency of the local Labour Association. But strikes have so far been averted. The stagnation in the timber trade has for a time checked the export of the staple product of the country, but with the enterprise and capital which are now opening up the many latent resources of Sweden, the commercial outlook is anything but a gloomy one.

THE OLD STUDIO.

CONCLUSION.—THE MASTER-PIECE.

FENWICK was suddenly roused from his reflections by the sound of old Gunning's voice; and as he hastened to the window with some sense of uneasiness, Millward came in and sank down upon the lounge with every sign of agitation.

'What is it?'

Millward looked at Gunning, and Fenwick followed his glance. The old boatman was standing near the window mopping his bald head with a red cotton handkerchief, catching at his breath, and glancing out of his small restless eyes from one artist to the other.

'Ask Gunning. Why doesn't he speak?' said Millward, still agitated.

Fenwick looked at the boatman, who still mopped his brow and rubbed his weather-beaten face.

'Ay, ay,' said Gunning cheerfully. 'But wait a bit, sir, till we get righted. Let's be quite clear what passed between us when going against the tide.'

'What can you mean?' said Millward with

increased impatience. 'Have I not made myself understood?'

Gunning nodded good-humouredly. 'Yes, yes; I'm with you,' said he; 'it's Mr Fenwick who doesn't see the bearings.—And we can't make much headway, sir,' he added, turning to the young artist, 'till it's made clear to you which tack we're on.'

Fenwick could not suppress a smile. 'I think, Millward,' said he, 'that I should be better able to follow Gunning if—when you feel equal to it—you would first give me a few words of explanation.'

Gunning's face beamed. 'That's my meaning,' said he. 'A few words of explanation from you, sir, and we shall make headway at once.'

It now became clear to Fenwick that a consideration for Millward was the secret of old Gunning's reserve. He was preparing the master, in his own honest way, for some startling news; and Millward was too absorbed in his trouble to comprehend the boatman's attitude towards him.

The master was standing, as he so often stood, before his latest work. 'She has never been absent from my thoughts,' said he, seemingly speaking to himself—seemingly forgetting for the moment Fenwick's presence and Gunning's too. 'And as I have seen her in my own mind, approaching womanhood, so I have painted her—yes, painted her as I know she would have looked if she had never gone out of my sight!—She is a woman now,' he went on; 'she has grown up under my hand; she has always been visible to me. Her image is here, as I should have seen it had she lived. I shall always see the face in my work, though I have given up all hope of seeing her.'

No one spoke, though Fenwick exchanged a furtive glance with Gunning.

Suddenly Millward crossed the studio with a quick step, and stopped before an easel that took up a great part of one side of the room. A quantity of drapery was thrown over it. 'I will show you a picture now, Fenwick,' said he, 'which you have never—no one has ever seen.'

Fenwick's curiosity was roused. He had not reflected that any work of the master's might lie hidden there.

'Another picture, Millward?' said he.—'But,' he added, 'is Gunning to wait? I thought you were going to tell me what passed between you'—

'So I was,' said Millward, recollecting himself. 'I am always attaching importance to the least sound upon the river: to a single word!—I was telling Gunning—and I intended telling you months ago—that I lost a child—my only one—before she was five years old. She had been left alone in a boat,' he went on, trying manfully to steady his voice, 'on the river bank below my grounds; and by some accident, or carelessness, the boat drifted from its moorings and disappeared. Whether it sunk or was stolen—whether my little girl was kidnapped or drowned, I don't know. I have had no tidings, and it's now sixteen years ago.'

Catching Fenwick's eye at this point, Gunning nodded to him, as if anxious to confirm Millward's statement.

'I told Gunning about this,' the master resumed, 'because he happened to mention, in a casual way, that he had saved some lives in his time.—But why,' Millward added—'why he suddenly turned the boat's head, almost before I had finished my story, and rowed home in such hot haste, I could not understand. I foolishly thought from his manner—I don't think so now—that he knew something about my child.—But look at this!' And as he spoke, the master detached the drapery from the easel and brought a large picture to light.

Meanwhile, old Gunning had taken a pair of spectacles from a wooden case and had with difficulty adjusted them. An exclamation now escaped him; for this painting had all the effect upon the boatman, and upon Fenwick too, that Millward could have desired had he premeditated a surprise. For a moment—with such magic power had the master painted every detail of the work—Gunning might well have imagined that Millward had drawn a window-curtain aside, instead of uncovering a picture, and had given them an actual glimpse of the Thames. Not only was the frame of the picture the size of the window-frames, but the whole subject was marvellously realistic. The scene was by moonlight; and in the foreground of the picture was the old terrace, just as it might be seen from one of the studio windows, with the decrepit notice-board, the mossy stonework, and the crumbling balustrade. In the background of the picture, out on the river, was a young girl on the point of drowning. An overturned boat was near at hand, drifting with the tide.

'Now, you know all,' said Millward, with his eyes still upon the painting. 'This is the picture that has haunted me all these years.'

'Ay,' Gunning now broke out in a cheery voice; and having wiped his spectacles with the red cotton handkerchief, he took up one of Millward's smaller pictures. 'But how's this, Mr Fenwick? Why, here she is—asking Mr Millward's pardon—here she is again! And yet he's telling us how she was drowned.' He shook his head incredulously, and selecting another picture went on, holding it at arm's length from him. 'Eight years old here; ain't she? A merry child!' said Gunning criticisingly. 'And like her too—like what she would have been, leastways, had she survived.—Dear me,' he added, 'what a pity it was, Mr Fenwick, no one was by to save her; no old boatman such as me, cruising about! What a pity!' He took up another painting while he spoke, and turned it about. 'Why, she's ten now,' said he—'or might it be eleven?'

'Eleven years old,' said the master, 'when I painted that.'

'And here she is when twelve!' exclaimed the boatman in the same cheery tone.—'And this is her, I'll be bound, at fourteen. Why, she has had her portrait painted, and unbeknown to her, on well-nigh all her birthdays, as it were!' A moment's pause, and Gunning added: 'How she would have enjoyed a glance at herself! Why, it's just like peeping into her own bright looking-glass!—But no,' he concluded, becoming sceptical again; 'she was never drowned.'

Fenwick had been observing Gunning closely.

His honest voice, with something pathetic in its pleasant tone, confirmed him in his surmise—if confirmation were needed. This girl, who was probably peeping at herself in pictures on the staircase, or in the corridor above, was Millward's daughter. And Fenwick now noticed that Gunning's eye had at last met the master's, and that the truth was breaking in upon him too. Seeing that Millward was too overcome to speak, and yet appeared anxious to question the boatman, he said: 'Now, Gunning, what do you know of this business? Let's hear all about it.'

'I will, sir. And it may seem strange to you, said Gunning, 'and equally so to Mr Millward, that I should have never mentioned before what I'm going to tell you now. But I had a reason, as you'll soon see.' He looked at Millward and resumed. 'I've been a waterman, sir, plying in this reach these forty years. One evening, while rowing home after a day's fishing along with a customer, some sixteen years ago, I heard a child's cry. It came from the Surrey bank, as I reckoned, and I pulled alongside. It proved to be an infant, Mr Millward, of four years old or thereabout.'

'Did you,' Millward eagerly demanded—'did you ask the child its name?'

Gunning took off his spectacles, nodded at the master, and replied: 'I've no thought of deceiving you. Her name as she told it to me was Niobe. I rowed the child home in my boat,' he concluded; 'and my own daughter, who had lately got married, took her in tow. We've called her Niobe ever since.'

Millward sank into a chair, and for a while Gunning's words seemed to deprive him of the power to speak. But he recovered himself at last, and rising, went towards the door. 'Take me to her,' said he, 'to your house, Gunning—wherever she is'—

Fenwick now interposed. 'Millward,' said he, 'stay one moment! The story which you began—which Gunning continued—I can finish. You will remember my asking you—and I even fear my thoughtless words must have pained you—to bring your model back with you to-night?'

'Yes; I remember.'

'She came of her own accord,' said Fenwick. 'She has been here since you went out, not an hour ago.'

Millward placed his hand upon Fenwick's arm. 'Where is she?'

'My dear Millward,' answered Fenwick soothingly, 'she's safe enough. Pray, let me go on.'

The master sank back in his chair, and seemed indifferent to all that his friend now told him.

'I saw her resemblance to your picture the moment she came in,' said Fenwick, with a glance at the painting. 'It is like her; though nothing could be so beautiful as she is! She stole in here,' he added, 'knowing you were away. She came to look at your work. She has a passion for pictures; she has inherited your love of art.' And he related in a few words all that had happened during the master's absence on the river with old Gunning. But scarcely had he finished, when Millward hurried into the hall. There was a gleam of light on the staircase, and he hastened to the landing overhead. Here he stopped, and would have fallen had not Fenwick been at hand. A mist had gathered over the

master's eyes; but through the mist he saw a figure coming slowly down the corridor towards him, with the lamp raised above her head.

Fenwick glanced from this figure into Millward's face; and the far-off look which he had so often observed—the look that had suggested a spirit-model to the young artist's fancy—was a visionary look no longer.

'Is she not beautiful?' whispered Fenwick, with enthusiasm. 'Millward!—what a masterpiece you will paint!'

Millward stretched out his arms towards the figure. 'Bring my child to me,' said he, impatiently. 'I have done with art now.'

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS BY MEASUREMENT.

A VISIT TO M. BERTILLON.

MUCH has been said recently about 'Anthropometry;' but few people understand exactly either the system itself or its object. Let us explain the latter first. When the police lay their hands on a criminal or a suspect, it is obviously important to know his previous record, and whether or not he has been convicted before. Previous offenders make this as difficult as possible by giving false names and denying everything. Sometimes, no doubt, they are recognised; but this can only happen in comparatively few cases, and is never a really trustworthy means of identification, for personal appearances change and the memory is treacherous. Many people have been hanged and imprisoned through mistakes in recognition. Photographs, again, are open to the same objection, and further, they accumulate in such enormous numbers that it is impossible to look through them. At the Préfecture de Police in Paris, one hundred thousand have been collected in ten years. Now, supposing a man is arrested for theft and gives a false name; he may be an old offender, and his photograph together with particulars of former offences may lie there under another name in the pigeon-holes among all the rest. To look through them would take a staff of men eight days, and then it might be missed. But by M. Bertillon's system of measurement you can lay your hand on that particular photograph with absolute certainty in five minutes. Or, supposing that the man has not been up before, and that there is no photograph or record of him in the archives, you can establish this fact with equal certainty in the same short time. How it is done may be best explained by describing a recent visit to the Préfecture de Police.

The Measuring Room.—Escorted by an eminent French detective, we were shown up into the room where the measurements of prisoners are taken and the *fiches* are kept. The *fiche* is a card about eight inches by six inches, and on which are the prisoner's name, his measurements, any distinguishing marks about him, the particulars of his offences, &c.; and also his photograph in two positions—full and side face. The chief object of

the side-face is to get the shape of the ear, which of all features is the one most truthfully given by photography. These cards are disposed in small drawers, which stand on shelves, like those of a library, and are arranged in sections according to the measurements. Thus, one main section contains the cards of all individuals with a certain length of head. It is subdivided according to the breadth of head; the subdivisions are further subdivided according to the length of the middle finger; and so on. The measurements are written outside each drawer, so that they can be read at a glance. This will be further explained later on.

The Theory of the System.—Presently M. Bertillon, who had been informed of our visit, and kindly offered to expound his system in person, entered the room. He is still a young man, and the very type of an accomplished savant, speaking both English and German. The identification of criminals is carried out here under his direction by an able staff of assistants. The theory of the system is as follows: Certain bones can be measured in the living subject easily and with extreme accuracy. The dimensions vary in different persons within very considerable limits, and they do so in no definite ratio to each other. Consequently, if you take a sufficient number of them, you get an aggregate result which is true only of that particular individual measured and of no one else. During the eight years in which anthropometry has been used in Paris, it has been found that no two individuals have the same measurements throughout. The results obtained from a new subject in no case agree with any one of those previously taken, be they never so numerous. In fact, no two people are alike. Further, in the adult these dimensions are stable, changing little or not at all in the course of years. They therefore form a means of absolute identification at any time. The most important are the length of the head, its breadth, the length of the middle finger, that of the forearm, of the foot, and of the little finger. But to be of practical use the results must be classified. This is done by dividing each set into three groups—Small, Medium, Large. For instance, three sizes of the head lengthways are made thus: (1) Those less than 184 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches). (2) Those between 184 millimetres and 189 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches). (3) Those of 190 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and above.

Suppose, now, you have a man measured, and want to see if he has been up before: you have to find his card among, say, ninety thousand. Take the length of his head: a glance shows that it is 187 millimetres, and consequently comes under group 2. You at once put aside groups 1 and 3, or sixty thousand out of the ninety thousand. Then take the breadth of the head in the same way; this will reduce the remaining thirty thousand to ten thousand. And so on until you come down to a mere handful, when an examination of the minutest differences leads you with unerring certainty to the very one you are looking for. By the arrangement of the drawers in groups, already mentioned, the whole search is reduced to a matter of two minutes.

A Striking Illustration.—Having explained the

system, M. Bertillon proceeded to illustrate it. A young man, who had been arrested that morning for theft, was called up and measured then and there. The process is carried out by two men, one of whom applies the instruments and calls out the figures, which are entered on a card by the other, precisely as in a tailor's shop. The subject is barefooted and bareheaded. Ten measurements are taken in four minutes; they include those already mentioned, together with the height standing, the height sitting, the length of the arms extended, the length and breadth of the ear. This finished, M. Bertillon, card in hand, interrogated the prisoner:

'What is your name?'

'Albert Felix.'

'Have you ever been up before?'

'No, never.'

'Quite sure?'

'Perfectly sure,' with jaunty confidence.

As the young scoundrel was the leader of a band, this seemed highly improbable.

He was removed, and we proceeded to the search. Section after section of the drawers was rapidly eliminated by comparing the figures on them with those upon M. Felix's card. At last we came to a single drawer, and then down to two cards. If he was there at all, it must be one of these. A look at the first at once showed discrepancies of one or more millimetres under some of the headings, and as the bony measurements are accurate to a millimetre, it could not be this one. There remained one card. M. Bertillon took it up, hiding the photograph on it. All the figures corresponded exactly with those just taken of Felix. He was recalled, and again questioned. He repeated his former statements, but obviously with less confidence. M. Bertillon uncovered the photograph, and there the fellow was to the life, as he stood that moment before us. It was most startling. But the original of the photograph was called Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he had been in jail two years before. The card bore details of certain scars and marks on hand and body; they corresponded exactly with those on Felix. Our friend the detective edged up and watched the prisoner with professional delight. Again questioned, Felix stuck to his story; but his composure was gone; his eye was troubled, his lips trembled, and the muscles of his face twitched. The photograph was shown him. 'Who is that?'

'Not me, some one like me'—but very shakily.

'This is Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he was arrested, &c.'

The fellow was down in an instant, as limp as wet paper. 'Oui, c'est mon nom;' adding, 'I knew you would find it.'

The astonishing thing was that out of that great roomful of cards, not a single one corresponded, or anything like corresponded, with the measurements of the youth before us, except that particular one—his own. Mistake is impossible.

The system has been used in France for eight years, and found to be of infinite service. Russia and some other countries have adopted it; but its full value will not be apparent until it is employed everywhere, and especially in England and America—the two great refuges of criminals

—for of course measurements can be transmitted by telegraph, and thus identification of suspects established without trouble or delay—a thing impossible now.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, M.P., in a letter to the *Times*, dated May 13, states that on that day there had been consummated an event of far-reaching importance, in respect that mails from China and Japan had been delivered in London within twenty-five days of leaving Yokohama, and inclusive of three days' unnecessary delay at New York. 'The Shanghai letters,' says Mr Baden-Powell, 'have been actually thirty-two days and the Japan twenty-five days in transit; and, had there been an Atlantic steamer ready, they would have been delivered in twenty-nine and twenty-two days respectively. These mails were delayed three full days because, after arriving at Montreal, on Saturday, May 2, there was no fast steamer across the Atlantic from New York until Wednesday, May 6. The trip across the Pacific was most successfully accomplished by the new *Empress of India* in ten and a half days, although she encountered a cyclone; and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company ran the mail-train three thousand miles across the continent in ninety-one hours, a feat in long-distance railway travelling, I believe, quite unprecedented.' The effect of this marvellous shortening of the distance between the East and the West is of immense political and commercial importance. Japan is thus placed within three weeks of England, whereas it is distant five weeks by the next quickest—namely, the Suez—route.

Among the various schemes for cutting ship-canal which are now before the public is one for making an efficient waterway to connect the Forth and the Clyde. Most persons are aware that a Forth and Clyde Canal already exists, indeed, it is one of the oldest in the kingdom; but it is so small as to be only available for barges and vessels of limited draught. The original cost of this Canal was about half a million sterling, and for many years it paid a handsome dividend. To enlarge it so as to make it available for ocean-going ships and steamers would involve a cost of fourteen million, and this discovery has led to the consideration of alternative routes. There is no immediate prospect, however, of any decision being arrived at, and the promoters of the scheme would have some difficulty in showing how enough traffic could be relied upon to pay a moderate interest upon the enormous capital required for construction.

A novel form of lucifer-match has recently been patented, and it may to some extent be regarded as a safety-match; for the two elements necessary for ignition, and which usually are placed the one on the match, and the other on the box, are still kept separate. The chlorate

composition is at one end of the splint of wood, and the amorphous phosphorus at the other end, and before the match can be used it must be broken in half, so that the two prepared ends can be rubbed together.

Mr J. Henniker-Heaton, who has always been an energetic champion of postal reform, now suggests that the parcel-post system should be extended and cheapened so as to enable householders in our cities and large towns to obtain direct from the producers fresh butter, eggs, poultry, and garden produce. The rate which he proposes is one penny per pound with a minimum of threepence. There is little doubt that if such a system were established it would be of incalculable benefit to a number of thrifty householders. In London, for instance, it is impossible to purchase a fresh egg, even in the early summer when eggs are plentiful, under three-halfpence, although in many remote country places their market price at the time is a shilling a score, or even less. A similar disproportion between the retail price paid in our towns and that paid to the producer is found in all garden stuff. We trust that the Post-office authorities will see their way to giving Mr Heaton's proposal a fair trial.

The Naval Exhibition at Chelsea is perhaps the most entertaining as well as the most instructive of all the great shows which London has devised within the past few years. The relics and pictures alone would reward a visitor, even if his visit had cost a long day's journey. But perhaps the chief charm to be found here is in the contrast between what was and what is. One can explore a full-sized model of the old *Victory* as she was on that famous day 'in Trafalgar's bay,' and can then turn to the huge guns and other modern appliances in readiness for warfare at the present moment. It is difficult to realise that these guns, with their monster projectiles and huge charges of powder, are of such recent date, until one sees by their side the sixteen-pound bag of gunpowder which formed the maximum amount used for one discharge so lately as the Crimean War. The most cynical of mortals in passing through these wonderful galleries must own that there is some excuse for the boast about Britannia ruling the waves.

The destructive power exerted by a projectile from the one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun is shown by a full-sized diagram more than forty feet in length which traces the path of the huge conical bullet through various obstacles, the diagram professing to be a correct representation of an effect which actually occurred. The projectile itself is depicted embedded in a mass of brickwork into which it has penetrated three feet; but before finding itself at this end of its journey, it has made a hole first through a twenty-inch steel plate, then through eight inches of iron. It next tore its way through twenty feet of oak-timber, five feet of granite, and eleven feet of concrete, still having sufficient impetus to bury itself in the brickwork, as already described.

We know that the occupation of the fisherman is both a dangerous and uncertain one, and that many a toilsome cruise is undertaken with very meagre results. But sometimes the fisher is rewarded for his pains by extraordinary success, and he contrives to net so many fish that he

cannot find a market for them. Two such cases were lately recorded in the *Zoologist*. One was the capture of no fewer than twelve thousand gray mullet, the fish realising eighteen shillings per score, and the other a phenomenal catch of mackerel, forty-eight thousand fish, which sold for three hundred and sixty pounds. It is noteworthy that both these magnificent hauls were made off the Cornish coast; the first in that beautiful little bay near Land's End known as Sennen Cove; and the other a few miles south-west of the Lizard Point.

The pleasant and refreshing odour which is emitted by garden soil after a summer shower is one which most of us have learned to appreciate. This aromatic odour has lately formed the subject of scientific examination; and Dr Phipson has published the fact that twenty-five years ago he, too, endeavoured to solve the problem of tracing its origin. After a considerable number of experiments and examinations of soils of various kinds from different localities, Dr Phipson came to the conclusion that the odour is due to the presence of organic substances closely related to the essential oils of plants. He believes that the porous surfaces, in hot dry weather, absorb the fragrance emitted by thousands of flowers, and give it out again when rain penetrates the pores and displaces the various volatile substances imprisoned therein, which are only very sparingly soluble in water. In certain chalk rocks of Picardy the property described seemed to be so remarkable that Dr Phipson endeavoured by experiment to isolate the substance to which the odour was due, and by means of an aqueous solution of bromine he found that he was able to arrest it. Upon afterwards evaporating the bromine solution at a low temperature, he obtained a yellowish product soluble in alcohol, and having a strong odour of cedar-wood.

In a recent Report by the United States Consul at Barcelona, some interesting particulars are given concerning the cork industry. We first of all learn that the cork forests of Spain cover more than half a million hectares, the hectare being equal to about two and a half acres. The cork is better in localities where the trees are exposed to the north, and it is seldom found growing in chalky soils, preferring that in which felspar abounds. The plants are chiefly cultivated by sowing in ground somewhat manured, and they develop in soil having very little depth, the roots of the trees being frequently seen on the surface of the ground. The first growth of bark called 'virgin cork,' is not of any use for the manufacture of corks, but is devoted to other purposes. The secondary cork is the more valuable, and when removed from the tree is piled in heaps. It is then submitted to a boiling in water for about an hour, during which operation the tannin and other soluble matters are removed from it; it gains in thickness and elasticity, but loses from twelve to forty per cent. of its weight.

A correspondent of the *Illustrated Carpenter and Builder* gives a recipe for castings by means of a sawdust composition, which may be useful for decorative purposes when a light material is advantageous. The directions are as follows: Take equal parts of sawdust and common wheat-flour, and to every half-gallon of this mixture add half a cup of molasses; moisten this with a jelly-

paste made by combining equal parts of glue and rye-flour, and knead the whole into a stiff dough. The moulds should be treated with neat's-foot oil, and the composition well pressed into them and allowed to remain twenty-four hours in a dry place, after which the cast will easily separate. This should now be baked in a moderately hot oven, and when cold, painted or varnished. The result is said to be equal in effect to carved wood.

A new use for ramie fibre has been found in the manufacture of steam-pipes. The employment of a vegetable product for such a purpose would at first sight seem to be impossible; but the fibre has been rendered fit for the work by being previously subjected to hydraulic pressure. The material so treated is said to possess a tensile strength greater than that of steel.

A useful little appliance for artists has been invented by Mr E. P. Widell, of Portland, Oregon, and is called 'The Perfect Stretcher Key.' To understand its use and object, it is necessary to examine the back of a framed canvas prepared for oil-painting. At each corner of the woodwork, a mortise-hole is cut for the reception of a wedge of hard wood, and these wedges have to be tapped with a hammer to keep the canvas taut. With Mr Widell's arrangement, the wedges are dispensed with, and a little metal shoe which grasps the mitre of the frame on both sides takes their place. The invention is a distinct improvement on the older arrangement.

That our coinage is subject to a constant loss from abrasion in its transfer from hand to hand is a well-known fact, and we know, too, that the art of artificially removing some of the metal fraudulently has been practised, and is known as 'sweating the gold.' This is done by placing a number of sovereigns in a long bag and continually urging them from one end to the other, until by rubbing they part with an appreciable amount of gold-dust. It has been recently stated that careful experiments made at the United States Mint have disclosed the fact that every time one million dollars is handled five dollars' worth is lost by abrasion. For this experiment the gold was placed in bags containing each five thousand dollars, and it was found that the mere lifting to a truck of the two hundred bags making up the lump sum resulted in the loss stated. It is difficult to believe that the loss can be so great; but then it is equally difficult to understand how a coin in moving from pocket to pocket can in the course of a few years lose its superscription and half its original weight by mere wear and tear.

An American paper asserts that one of the best cures for the incrustation of boilers through the use of hard water is found in an Extract prepared from the leaves of the eucalyptus. This extract can be prepared in a very simple manner by boiling fifty pounds of the leaves in one thousand gallons of water. Three gallons of this Extract will keep a locomotive boiler free from scale for a trip of one hundred miles, leaving the boiler in such a condition that any deposit from the water can be readily washed out. The same solution will effectually soften the incrustation already formed in a boiler, and will cause it to soften and fall off in large pieces. The worst boiler can be cleaned in this manner with about two months' treatment.

It is said that cigar boxes as well as their con-

tents are now made the subject of adulteration. Spanish cedar-wood, which is the right material to use for cigar boxes, is somewhat scarce; and so West Virginia poplar, or other white wood, is employed instead after being dyed and treated with cedar extract to give it the proper colour and odour.

Since that very clean and pleasant vehicle called vaseline has come into use, doctors have largely employed it in the preparation of ointments, in place of the far less agreeable lard which was previously utilised for the same purpose. But the question has lately arisen whether absorption into the skin takes place in the same manner with two such different agents, and this inquiry has formed the subject of certain experiments upon animals, which are described in a French medical paper. By mixing lard with a given salt, having strongly-marked effects upon animals, and applying such a preparation to the shaved skin of a dog's head, it was found that the expected effects of the drug manifested themselves within a very short time after application. But when the same experiment was repeated with an ointment of similar strength, but made with vaseline as a vehicle in lieu of lard, the drug employed had no effect whatever. The authors of these experiments conclude that with vaseline ointments no absorption whatever takes place if the skin be intact.

It seems a curious fact that the clearer the water from a spring or well the more may its purity be suspected; but that is the inevitable conclusion which must be arrived at if certain experiments conducted by Major Powell of the U.S. Geological Survey can be relied upon. That gentleman tells us that these experiments were undertaken with a view to determine economic methods of precipitating the finely-divided clay contained in many waters supplied to cities. He found that there were many mineral substances which would cause precipitation if added in small quantities; but the one which produced the result by the most minute addition was sewage.

Professor Munroe, in a recently delivered lecture upon Gun-cotton, described that explosive as the safest to use, provided that it was correctly prepared and handled with intelligence. Gun-cotton becomes dangerous only when the materials composing it have not been thoroughly purified, or when the union between acid and cotton is incomplete. Proof was given that a workman can cut it with a saw or chisel, or can work it in a lathe while in a compressed state, with impunity. It was also stated that two thousand pounds of gun-cotton had been burned in a bonfire without explosion. Curious it is that letters stamped upon the blocks of compressed cotton are impressed upon an iron plate upon which the cotton may be exploded. If the marks on the block are in relief, their reproduction on the metal plate will be raised, and *vice versa*. Another curious circumstance is that if a delicate piece of lace or a leaf be placed between the gun-cotton and the metal, its delicate markings will be reproduced on the iron, although it will itself be annihilated by the explosion.

A critical examination of the weather which we experienced during the past winter formed the subject of a paper read before the Meteorological Society by Mr F. J. Brodie. First we have a reference to the prolonged frost which

lasted from the end of November to the end of January, in addition to which it was found that when the wind was not absolutely calm, it was sure to blow from a cold quarter. The barometric pressure for the whole winter was about a quarter of an inch above the average, while the rainfall over the greater part of the British Isles was less than half the normal amount. The number of foggy days with which Londoners were favoured was twice as many as are customary during the winter-time. It was further stated in this paper that almost every element in the British weather was influenced to an abnormal degree by the remarkable prevalence of high barometrical pressure.

POACHERS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE Poacher resembles Prince Charles Edward in being surrounded by far more generous sentiment and imaginative glamour than any personal merits of his own have fairly earned. The popular mind is fascinated by the picture of the hard-working villager burning with a love of sport which the law forbids him to gratify, stealing forth from his cottage at the dead of night, and hurrying away to the haunts of the hare and the pheasant, regardless of the perils of assault at the hands of night-watchers, and weeks of cruel imprisonment in the county jail at the hands of partial magistrates. Still more powerfully is public sympathy excited by the appeal of the man who when charged in court with poaching represents that he was out of work; he would scorn to steal, but his children were starving; and seeing a rabbit, he thought there was no harm in taking it.

But, alas, most of this sentiment is misplaced. There may be cases where men take to poaching from pure love of sport, or are driven to it by destitution; but in general, poaching is a sordid occupation; and the poacher either an idle loafer or a designing thief. No doubt, there are poachers who do not figure in courts upon other charges. But no one with a knowledge of rural life will dispute that the poacher is seldom blameless touching all other matters, seldom a creditable member of the village community, seldom a sober, hard-working, God-fearing peasant. He may be above ordinary theft; but he is one of the most constant customers at the village public-house; his children are in rags, and he is seldom six months in the same employment. Even this is a favourable specimen of the poacher. All poachers are not thieves; but in a country district most thieves are poachers; and the miscellaneous-goods merchant who receives poached game, and the cadger who takes it to market, are generally ready when required to be equally obliging in the disposal of stolen property.

The poaching fraternity admits of classification with some particularity. One broad line of division is between the rural poacher and the urban poacher. The former, again, are of two classes—the amateur and the professional. The

amateur or occasional poacher is a farm-labourer, a miner, or other manual worker, engaged in more or less regular employment; but occasionally at night, and not seldom on a Sunday, he turns a penny by doing a bit of poaching either on his own account or in company with one or two friends. The professional or constant poacher, on the other hand, is in no regular employment. Occasionally he does a little work as a day-labourer, and he is engaged in the fields at harvest-time. But for a great part of the year he can give no account of himself. When an orchard is robbed, he is not far away; and reynard sometimes gets credit, which the beast hardly deserves, for the disappearance of sundry fowls from the neighbouring farmyards. The dog, the ferret, the bag-net, the gate-net, the trap, the snare, and occasionally the gun, are the stock in trade of these rural poachers, whether of the amateur or the professional class. Ground-game are their chief quarry, though nothing comes amiss. They destroy much game, but they seldom make a great haul at one time. They lack the numbers, skill, and organisation to use drag-nets and capture coveys of partridges or grouse or a dozen hares at a single cast.

This last is one of the favourite instruments of the urban poacher, who is altogether a much more skilful and more deadly enemy of game than his rural brother. Urban poachers, like rural ones, are of two classes—amateur and professional. The former is a masterful poacher, and depends for his escape not upon skill in eluding game-watchers, but upon *vis major* if he is encountered. This class of poachers, hardly known in Scotland, abounds in England. Great gangs of men accustomed to rude manual toil issue from some large manufacturing or mining centre, swoop down upon a well-preserved district of country, and sweep all before them. Proprietors, keepers, and policemen, hardly apprised of their approach until they are upon them, are powerless to stay their progress. They 'clean up the country.' It is singular that, whilst a band of this kind if encountered with force will show the most determined fight and not stop even at murder, yet a crowd twenty times as numerous and composed of roughs of the same class, when gathered on a Sunday morning to witness a prize-fight, will melt like mist on the appearance of a single policeman. Nets, both drag-nets and gate-nets, dogs and sticks, are used by these poachers. Their incursion is most fatal to hares and rabbits, for they have not time, and make too much noise, to 'negotiate' winged game successfully.

The professional urban poacher is the most skilful, and perhaps the most dangerous of all. In the game season, half-a-dozen of them will settle down in some market-town near the centre of a well-preserved country. These poachers proceed with great deliberation. They prospect the country carefully, not grudging a longish railway journey for the purpose when that is necessary. Often one of them is the owner of a horse and cart; or, failing this, they initiate into their gang some local cadger who is therewith provided. The drag-net and the lantern are the favourite instruments of these poachers. They seldom use the gun or the snare, for these are too tedious and too dangerous. Winged game suffer severely

from their depredations. A covey of grouse or partridges are slumbering in security, when a slow dog with a lantern round its neck makes a point within a few yards of them. The poachers make a detour, and draw the net up towards the face of the dog, probably netting the whole covey in this way with a single cast. Pheasants, again, are seen against the sky roosting on the boughs of pines, and are quietly lifted down with the hand. It is to this class of poachers that the public are indebted for the grouse which appear in the poulterers' windows early in the forenoon of the 12th, and for hosts of immature pheasants on the 1st of October. The only way to rid a country district of such a gang, as magistrates know, is to break their bank. Small fines upon individuals are of no account, for the party have a common purse, or make one on such an emergency. That purse, however, is not often a very heavy one; and a few rigorous five pounds with expenses will generally break up the band and rid the district of their depredations.

The protection of the law was first accorded to game in order to preserve it for the sport of the sovereign and his friends. But for several centuries the right to kill game has been recognised as an incident of private property belonging exclusively to the owner of the soil. But for the protection thereby afforded to it, game would doubtless have been long ago extinct in this country, as is the case in those continental countries where no restrictions are placed upon the right of sport. There are many statutes dealing with the offence of poaching, some of them of very ancient date, as the old Scots Acts against killing hares in time of snow. But the Acts which in practice are generally appealed to are all of the present century. An important distinction is recognised by the law between day-poaching and night-poaching. The latter is a much more serious offence than the former, and on a third conviction the poacher is liable to penal servitude. It has been explained by the courts that the Night-Poaching Act is a measure not primarily for the preservation of game, but for the protection of the public peace and of the lives and limbs of the lieges. Experience has shown that night-poaching is often attended by scenes of shocking violence, and not unfrequently leads to murder. The law accordingly deals with this offence with a stern hand. Under the Night-Poaching Acts of 1828 and 1844, night-poachers, whether found upon the land or upon the roads during the night—namely, from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise—may be seized by officers, or by the proprietor or his servants, and are liable to three months for the first offence, six for the second, and penal servitude for the third. Where weapons are used, or where three or more are armed with weapons, the penalties are much more severe.

Under the Day-Poaching Acts, 1831 for England, and 1832 for Scotland, the day-poacher is much more leniently dealt with than his nocturnal brother. If he give his name and address, he cannot be apprehended unless there be good grounds to believe these to be fictitious; and the penalty is only five pounds. Where five or more go out together, or where violence is used, the penalties are more severe.

These statutes were not found sufficient to check poaching, for, once the poachers got off the land unobserved, there was no means of apprehending them. It often happened that a policeman met men returning to town in the early dawn with a cart or bags which he was morally certain contained game taken by poaching; but he had not seen the men on any land, and he had no warrant to apprehend them, and so they could laugh in his face. To meet this difficulty, the Poaching Prevention Act of 1862 was passed, under which constables are empowered without a warrant to seize and search any persons, though found on the public highway, if there be reason to suspect them of carrying poached game or poaching instruments.

The game laws are not popular; but those who condemn them are seldom as severe in their logic as in their censure. Very few go so far as to profess a desire to see game extirpated in Britain. But this would certainly follow if all protection were withdrawn. Nor can it be said that the present protection is too stringent, for, in spite of it all, poaching still abounds. There is more reason in the argument that the exceptional character of the legislation is objectionable, and tends to foster the opinion that poaching is in a different category from all other criminal offences, and involves no moral turpitude. It has been suggested with some plausibility that the whole of the Acts against poaching should be swept away, and a simple enactment substituted providing that game is the property of the man on whose land it is found, and that the taking of it without his permission is theft. Such a law would have been harsh and oppressive so long as there were many wild unenclosed tracts throughout the country where game roamed at pleasure dependent upon no man's care. But now in this country, with its dense population, its advanced cultivation, and its numberless enclosures, game is an industrial rather than a natural product of the soil, and in any case is as dependent for its existence as are the flowers of his garden upon the care and protection of the owner or occupier of the soil.

TEARLESS GRIEF.

At last it is the peaceful night, and I,
Weary and fretted with the noisy fray
Of Life's incessant tumult, can allay
My spirit's thirst for peace. The moonlit sky
And shadow-circled Earth are still. No cry
Of passion-burdened hearts disturbs the gray
Impressive calm; and though the late gone day
Left me a Life's regret, my eyes are dry.

For tears are nought but Summer's healthful rain,
That, falling from storm-clouds, leaves far above
A clearer blue. I bear a deeper pain
Than can find ease in weeping; so, dear love,
Forgive my tearless grief. Perhaps you guess
My heart's unmitigated bitterness.

ETHEL IRELAND.

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